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The Liberalist

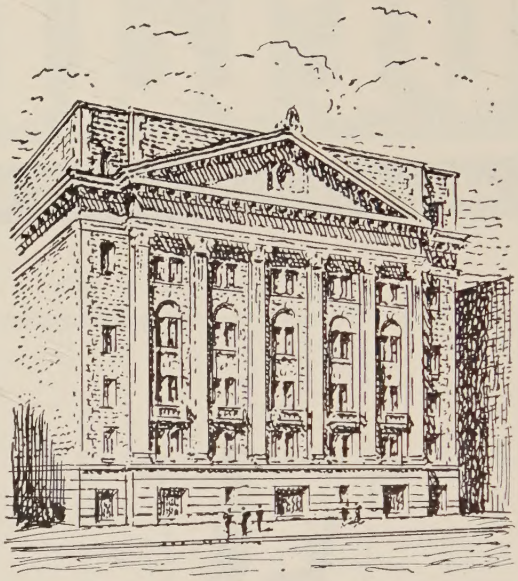
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The Bulwark of Liberty

What constitutes the bulwark of our own
liberty and independence?
It is not our frowning battlements, our
bristling seacoast, our army and our navy.
Our reliance is in the love of liberty
which God has planted in us.
Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty
as the heritage of all men
in all lands everywhere.
Destroy this spirit, and we have planted the seeds
of despotism at our own doors.

—Abraham Lincoln

(From "Poems for the Great Days," Clark and Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII **February, 1951** *Number 11*

"I COULDN'T CARE LESS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
In the Peoples Church of Chicago

I OFTEN wonder as I hear people use the phrase, and we hear it often (and most every one of us has used it), "I couldn't care less," if they really mean what they say. The general theme for a few Sunday mornings has been "Do We Mean What We Say?" and our phrase this morning is a familiar one, one commonly used,—"I couldn't care less."

Usually the phrase comes as a commentary. It doesn't express an opinion exactly, it's a comment following some circumstance of which we have been a part. Perhaps some condition has arisen in our lives, where there is a direct effect upon ourselves in the judgment that other people have made, or because of something which other people have done, and there has been within the picture the idea that you would not agree with it, that you couldn't endorse it, so you shrug your shoulders and say, "I couldn't care less"; a little like saying "It doesn't matter to me," "Well, what of it?" "It's not going to change my mind." "Well, I don't care what they say or what they do, I couldn't care less." In other words, if you will analyze it, in 99 cases out of a hundred, it's a defense phrase, trying to justify to yourself a situation with which you are not honest, for when a person says "I couldn't care less," you can always be suspicious that they care a great deal. When they come to that position where they simply shrug their shoulders and have an attitude of nonchalance and say "I couldn't care less," "It doesn't make any difference to me," "It isn't important to me," on careful analysis that person is really saying that it hurts and fundamentally they really do care. Whenever you hear a person use that phrase, you can just make up your mind that deep down in their own consciousness they care a lot more than the thought they attempt to convey by the phrase itself, "I couldn't care less." It is very interesting from the standpoint of human psychology, and we are learning a great deal these days about psychology, which is the relation of the human mind to character formation. We are learning a great deal about why people do what they do, why they say what they say, and why they finally find themselves in such a complicated maze, that they are controlled by circumstances all about them, which creates confusion and ex-

haustion of energy, and constant defense. People who are always defending what they do and what they say, are always inwardly suspicious that what they do and what they say is not right, and so much of their explanation is a psychological effort and grounded in a poor psychological understanding of this strange, weird, paradoxical attitude that people take externally and superficially which reveals a great deal about themselves and what they really are inwardly, on the inner psychical plate of their own personality. People who are always insecure in their position are always those who make the most noise about their position. People who are suspicious about their own powers are always the people who are the most vocative about those powers. In other words, the bombastic, explanatory defending of one's self is always evidence of an inner confusion, and is always evidence of a lack of inner mastery. The greatest forces of the world are the silent forces, the quiet forces, just as the greatest strength of a person is always revealed in repose and not in activity. That explains the difference in personality of individuals.

Take the illustration of a very heated argument which people have. I was a part of one the other day, which happened to be of a political character. I was with a group of men, some of them Republicans and some of them Democrats, and one or two didn't know which they were. These men got in quite an argument and I watched the various reactions that came into the minds of those who were a part of it and was very interested to note that the one man who gave at the end a summary and who made an application of logic as he rationalized the matter under discussion, was one who had not spoken five sentences in the discussion proper. He had sat there, quietly absorbing, thinking, analyzing, and finally one of the most vociferous participants in the debate, if you can call it that, for there were times when they were all trying to talk at once and I was trying to get into it too, said to him, "We haven't heard you say very much about it. What do you think about it?" Very quietly, but projecting complete mastery of the subject and of himself, this man analyzed the whole problem, and then very effectively wove his argument with great reserve into a presentation. After he was through, immediately the waters cleared and without exception every one turned to him and said "That is the truth. You are right." Now, the greatest evidence of true mastery and understanding is complete self-control and never indicating a defense mechanism. That's the difference between talent and genius. You find it in the world of music, of art, everywhere.

Take the piano, for instance. Paderewski and Hoffman. What is the impressiveness of those great artists? You listen to them and imbibe their composition of some great masterly thing and you are always aware that they are not exhausting all of their potentiality. As I listened through the years to Paderewski's technique, sometimes explosive, sometimes somewhat eccentric, but I never heard Paderewski, as I never heard Rachmaninof, without getting the impression that there was a little reserve power which they did not quite draw upon and particularly is that true of Rachmaninof. Those of you who have seen him come in and sit down at the piano and have heard him play that great chord which is the first note of the prelude immediately there is the captivation that here is great potential power.

That same thing is true in a debate. The first time I ever spoke away from

our little home town where I was born, I was on the debating team of our high school and had to debate with a neighboring team from Byron, a town twelve or fourteen miles away. The debate was held in the opera house, where they never had any opera. The nearest thing to it that we had was Uncle Tom's Cabin and some medicine shows. The debate was probably about some simple little thing like "When an immovable object meets an irresistible force." And the one opponent I was fearful of was the one who made the opening speech, because you could hear him for about 40 miles. He was unusual. He shouted and yelled and pawed the air and stamped his feet and I was shuddering at the thought of what influence he would have on the judges, only to discover that he had no influence at all. He had no reserve. He exhausted himself. That's the reason some of you men never win an argument with your wives. You start right out way at the top—"Who's paying the rent around here! Who's paying the bills!" You start with a crescendo, and that isn't artistic, because if you start way up here, you have nowhere to go except to retreat and retreat is always weakening; and the reason more men do not win the argument is because they start out with all the potentiality they have and there is no reserve left. But the little woman understands it. She is more of an artist. She understands the psychology of it. The dear little woman looks up into your face, lovely crystal like tears come to her eyes, and as they fall in indescribable loveliness down her beautiful cheeks, she uses a phrase that has driven more men to the verge of suicide than any other phrase ever used by the lips of a woman. She looks at you and she says, "I guess you don't love me any more." Ah, she's the artist. She's going places and you are beaten before you start.

The same thing is true in the theatre. It's true of the great artists. The great interpretive and creative artists of the theatre. You will agree, you who have been privileged to hear the great of the past. I shall never forget Richard Mansfield. I shall never forget him in that incomparable play of Ibsen, "Peer Ghynt." Right in the most mystical part of the character portrayal of Peer Ghynt by Richard Mansfield, the thing that was impressive was that he was not giving full sway to his emotional capacity; that there was something in reserve and in that reserve was the power. The greatest influences in this world are these kinds of influences.

I happened the other morning to be up before five o'clock to get a train and as I walked from my hotel in Burlington, Iowa, to get on the Burlington Zephyr to get to Chicago in time for my broadcast, and later as I rode along through the countryside, I saw in the eastern sky as though someone had opened a great furnace door and the whole eastern sky was suffused with that flush of the sunrise. As I watched that sun come up over the horizon I could see it, but I couldn't hear it. It was perfectly silent. There was noise in the rhythm of the train, and in the conversation of the people about me, but as I looked out at the morning sun just beginning its pilgrimage in the sky, it was silent.

The greatest forces and powers in the world are silent. You never heard a sunrise and you never heard a sunset. And up in the North country where I have spent so many happy days, there in that country is the green rock, which is the original surface of the earth—and there are only a few places where it is exposed. In most places it is covered by hundreds of feet of earth, and in some places by

almost miles of soil, but there this great rock has been exposed for millions of years to the human eye; and we can see in places on that green rock where the glaciers have carried a stone across it and scarred it and we can tell which way the glaciers were going by the marks on the green rock, the earth's surface. I can remember in the late autumn of coming onto the edge of that great rock and there was a great split across it, and I thought "that's strange; that's such solid rock." And I walked over to this edge, and there I saw a tiny little plant that must have had a great time all summer long to keep alive. I couldn't see any soil at all, but the roots of that little plant must have found some. That plant wasn't a foot high; but I thought fall will soon be here and the cold weather and the snows will come and the little plant's lifespan has been lived, and much as I hate it, because I don't like to take life, I plucked it. As I came to church this morning I saw some hunters bound for the north country. I don't want to deprive anyone of their pleasure or interfere with it, it is no responsibility of mine, but one of the things out of my memories that brings a little glow of peace to my own heart is that, as a boy, when I went out in the winter one time with a friend of mine, hunting rabbits, we had a ferret and we would put the ferret into the rabbit's hole and the ferret would chase the rabbit out, panic stricken, and we would stand away and shoot the rabbit, as it came out of the hole; and one of the things that lingers with me—and why it comes out this morning I don't know, it was never intended to be a part of the sermon, but I am the victim of whatever comes into my life and I just reach out and pick them out, one by one as they present themselves, but as I stand in my pulpit this morning, I can hear—and it is more than fifty years, a half century ago, yet my ears now can recapture that almost human cry of a little bit of bleeding fur, as I shot that rabbit and didn't quite kill him, and as I went up to this little thing there in the snow, making a red place with its own blood, that little rabbit looked up into my eyes, as it gave that almost human cry, in its dying moments, and those eyes seemed to say, "What did I ever do to you? Why did you do this to me?" I took that gun home and I gave it away and I have never shot a living thing since, in more than half a century, and I never will, never!

Now as that comes back to me across these years and I think of it, I think I must have cared a lot. I even cared about a little rabbit. And what kind of a world would you and I be in, if nobody cared. You say "I couldn't care less." Yes, you could. Every time your heart is wounded by the unkind words of a friend, you care. You may use a defense mechanism and say, "Who do they think they are; I should care what they say; I should care what they think about me; I couldn't care less." Oh, yes you could. Every time someone comes to you and tells you about someone who has been very unkind to you; perhaps has lied about you; perhaps has said something about you that they know they couldn't prove, but probably some rumor was started, and they repeated it, and you tried to build a defense mechanism, but you cared. Down deep in our hearts is a very delicate, fragile emotion; a very deep-seated emotion. And if that's true and I think it is, how much more careful we ought to be what we say about another; and about what we do to another. How much more deeply we ought to care. If we could just transpose our own feelings and our own emotions as to another. If we just think as we hurt someone, suppose I

were the one being hurt. If sometimes when we have a temptation to be careless of another person's character, what would happen if we just suddenly stopped and said to ourselves, "Supposing I were in their place, how would I like it? What would I think?" What kind of a world would we be in if everybody lived a self-centered, selfish life, and everyone thought about his own safety, his own security, his own fame, his own dollar, and never expended anything that approximated consideration and care.

Suppose you were to sit down now and carefully go over your own life and see the result of the moments when somebody cared. Where would you be if someone hadn't cared? A lot of us can recall moments in our lives when someone cared and they cared enough so that there wasn't any sacrifice or there wasn't anything in the world more important than their manifesting care for us. Somebody cared. Why, you started with that. The most helpless thing in the world is a little human baby, and there isn't a person in the congregation this morning who would have survived birth if you had been alone; but love was there; loving hands; a loving heart. You were fed. You were cared for. Over that period of time when there was nothing you could do for yourself, not a thing; when you were a little helpless bit of humanity and there was nothing you could do for yourself, love was there. Someone cared for you when you couldn't care for yourself; and how many fatal wrecks there would be on the shorelines of human history today if someone, in some tragic moment of life had not had someone who cared. I could give you example after example, illustration after illustration, until they would stretch out for over an hour, of people who have been of service to humanity in every realm of human activity and are able to do it because someone came into their life at just the right moment, when perhaps about them all was wreckage and failure and discontent and disaster, and right in the middle of that moment, someone cared and someone came into your life. They did into mine. I would not be standing in this church this morning looking into your respective faces and trying to break down in a simple way one of the most beautiful truths of life, caring for another, except that someone cared for me. At a moment when I was facing great decisions; at a moment of my own immaturity, when my own choice was worthless; at a moment when there were compelling motivations to capture my energy that would have driven me out into a professional activity quite apart from the activity I have today, someone came into my life, sat down by my side and said "Young man, don't you make that mistake. There are two ways before you now. They are both well marked and both plainly evident. I want you to take the right way, my boy." And when that influence came into my life, someone cared for me in that hour. Cared enough to take my life in the inspiration of their life, and though I might have failed them a thousand times; aye, I might have been less than my best myriads of times, as I have been, still their faith never wavered, their hope never diminished.

Do you want to find happiness? Do you want life, in spite of everything, the mistakes, the failures, the sins, to be a great experience? Do you want it? Are you sick and tired of the mechanistic materialisms of life? Are you the victim of appetites and passions? Have you an uncontrollable temper? Are you constantly on the defensive? Must you always create the atmosphere of the critical? I know how you can banish it and rid

yourself of it and there will flow back into your life victory, ease, poise, power, beauty, strength, health. I know how you can do it. Find someone to care for. Love them. Be unselfish in that love and care, and you will see the rebound that will come into your own life.

"I couldn't care less."

Oh, you don't mean it. You don't mean it. You do care, and above all is one who cares for us all. God never ceased to care. That's His genius. That's His love. The one word that best and with the most accuracy describes the personality and achievement of Christ is to be found in the phrase "He cares." He cared enough so that there was no sin too black that He couldn't wash it white as snow. There was no failure too final that He couldn't turn it into victory. He cares. He cared for life, all life. They said he dined with Publicans and sinners and was a friend of harlots. That's what they said about Him. But He cared so much that one of them said, "If I just touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole." And He cared so much that He said to another: "If you are without sin you cast the first stone," and there was no stone cast. He cared for you and you must reflect care for others.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

Christ claims our help in many a strange disguise;
Now, fever-ridden, on a bed he lies;
Homeless he wanders now beneath the stars;
Now counts the number of his prison bars;
Now bends beside us, crowned with hoary hairs.
No need have we to climb the heavenly stairs,
And press our kisses on his feet and hands;
In every man that suffers, he, the Man of Sorrows, stands!

—Author Unknown

(From "Poems for the Great Days" Lent and Easter—Clark and Clark)

PEOPLES CHURCH

Dr. Bradley's February Book Lectures

Feb. 7—"Tito and Goliath"
by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

Feb. 14—"The Great Audience"
by Gilbert Seldes

Feb. 21—"War and Human Progress"
by John U. Nef

Feb. 28—"Still Seeing Things"
by John Mason Brown

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Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Feb. 5, 1:00 p.m.—Reciprocity Day. Motion Picture and Radio Departments present Mrs. George Matula with her movie of Hawaii. Music by Rey Blanco, "The Traveling Troubadour," of Radio Station WIND. Chairmen: Mrs. George Matula and Mrs. Charles L. Roberts. Hostesses: Mrs. S. J. Brickley, Mrs. R. A. Rellage, Miss Jean Peterson, Mrs. W. A. Slack and Mrs. J. P. Wahlman.

Feb. 19, 1:00 p.m. Annual Birthday Party and Reception to new members. Membership Department presents a Surprise Program. Mrs. Carl Kaufman, Chairman. Mrs. J. P. Wahlman, Co-Chairman.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Feb. 13, 8:00 p.m. Three Motion Pictures. Charles Chaplin in "The Rink;" "The Gay 90's Live Again;" and a cartoon, "The Woodpecker." Public welcome. Refreshments. Admission 50c.

Feb. 27, 8:00 p.m. Business Meeting.

Men's Club—Feb. 26, 8:00 p.m. Program to be announced.

The Uptown Players—Studios 869 N. Dearborn St. MIchigan 2-3105 Sunday, Feb. 4, February Drama Tea. "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," a comedy in two acts, by Eulora M. Jennings, under direction of Elsie Dynes. Guest artists will be Helen Rodgers, soprano, and J. Bradley-Griffin. Anderson Hall, Peoples Chuch. Admission, 90c.

Sunday, Feb. 11, Benefit Recital for Raymond Landmark; J. Bradley-Griffin, assisted by Mary Clarke and Connie Stephens in "Carousel" with John Madsen at the piano. 4:00 p.m., Anderson Hall, minimum donation $1.00.

Sunday, Feb. 18, Auditions for membership, at The Studios.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 8:30 p.m. and Sunday, Feb. 25, 3:00 p.m. February production, "The Philadelphia Story." Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. Tickets $1.50.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)—
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
Ushers' Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.... 7:30 p.m.
Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month,
Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WIND—Every morning, Monday through Friday, 10:45 a.m. (560 on the dial)

WJJD—Every Sunday, 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. (1160 on the dial)

WBBM—Every Sunday night at 10:15 (780 on the dial)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

WE are living pretty much in a world where we are conscious of time and space, and as the old year receded we thought of what the passing of the days meant to us, and we were suddenly awakened to the fact, through one influence or another, that something called "age" was creeping up on us. Not one of us likes to talk about getting old, and I don't believe in spending much time or energy on the subject, but I think it is a common observance with most of us that as time goes by, life increases its momentum and accelerates with almost every 24 hours of time. I know it does with me.

When people get retrospective about time's passing, so often one hears the phrase, "Oh, if I could only live life over again!" That is a very personal thought, too intimate to talk about; it takes one into the areas of such personal, intimate character. You don't want to share it with the world. You know why certain things have touched your life, where you have failed to be the finest and the best that you could be, or where some experience has mutilated and shattered you and created defeat, cynicism, or disillusionment. Most of us know a great deal more about ourselves than we will ever admit to ourselves, and yet if most people would be more honest and more fair with themselves, they would advance much farther in the fine and difficult art of living.

We don't like to be too honest with ourselves. When we get into difficulty, or trouble, or disappointment, disillusionment, we are inclined to lay it onto something else. We put it onto society, we blame the school, the church, friends, somebody or something. There are very few real honest people in this world, who will just quietly go into a room, shut the door, and look at themselves straight-away in the mirror. I don't mean looking into the mirror for the purpose of assisting Nature to increase the vision of beauty. We spend more on cosmetics than on education and religion in the United States. But I wonder how many of us dare look at our souls in the mirror, and dare look at our hearts in the mirror of life. Not the externals, things that everybody

can see, but the thing that only you can see with eyes that penetrate into your soul.

When we come to that idea of living life over again, we have to get rid of the surface, the superficial, of being impressive, of play-acting, of trying to be something we are not, of trying to create impressions. We have to denude ourselves of all this superficial aspect of living and ask ourselves, "What about life?"

This question has a personal ring to it. I cannot talk about you, whether you would like to live your life over again or not. I don't know. I can only speak for myself. At this time of the year I do quite a lot of self-analysis. I am frank to make the confession to you that as I do it, it has a depressing effect on me, for the higher standard one has for life—the more noble you want your life to be—the finer, better character, the finer person you want to be, the higher your hopes and dreams and ideals are, the more tragic and pathetic are your failures. Only people with great dreams and high hopes experience the full agony of failure and disappointment and tears. The person for whom life is selfishness and acquisition, sensuousness, power and fame—the person for whom life is just a conquest of power and energy—the person who has that kind of a quest for life, a quest in which their moral sensitiveness can be submerged without doing anything to their conscience, that person does not know the agony of defeat. He cannot understand how one feels when one stands in the presence of his broken hopes and realizes the agonies that come from failure. The one who has no moral sensitiveness, whose soul is never touched by the refinements of the spiritual dreams and hopes of a far-off vision of an ideal and a dream of the superb and beautiful, that person never suffers when he misses it.

There is sometimes an attitude of braggadocio, as people throw back their shoulders and say "I would like to live every bit of it over again!" Yet the most agonizing experience or thought that can come to a person is when they are 60 or 70 years old and look back across life to the days of 16 or 18 and realize what their dreams were then and what they thought they would be at 40 or 50, and the thought comes—"Have I lived the kind of life I thought I would live?" The deepest agony is realizing that the dreams never can come true and that you never can be what you thought you would be when you were 20.

Were I to leave you here it would be unforgivable; so, as I ask myself the question, "Would I like to live life over again?" perhaps some of the experiences I would want, and perhaps I needed them all (the storms and the buffeting, the difficulties and disappointments that have, with tragic regularity, touched my life)—perhaps the frustrations were necessary; I don't know; I sometimes think they were; but if I could live it all over again, I know there would be some different choices made. I am perfectly frank and perfectly honest with you.

I have dreamed great dreams, but the demands have been so great, the plans have been so ambitious: I have spread my interests into every area of the life of my city, and sometimes I think I have wasted the years in organizations, committees, meetings, conferences, in trying to do the thing by law, by pressure, by organization, by philosophy, by logic; trying to rationalize it all; dignifying, out of all due proportion to its importance, intellectual rectitude: A material age, leadership failing, industrial confusion, misunderstanding and hate between races; when all this seething, bewitched world needs is the

spirit of Love—that is all it needs!

Then I remember the beauty of friendships, the thousands of lives my life has touched—and so, perhaps, who knows, if I could live it all over again, I might not want it any other way than it has been—perhaps every moment of suffering was good; every hour of grief sweetened the spirit; every betraying, faithless friend who tore my heart may have taught me more beautifully to value true friends. The record is written. About that we can do nothing. So, with the poet Browning, let us "GREET THE UNSEEN WITH A CHEER!"

Plea For A Late Arrival

It is interesting to remember that out of each of the great cataclysms of hate which engulfed the world in the furious wars which we have had, has been produced something in poetry or music which has lingered in the hearts of men. We recall that great poem "In Flanders Field," from the First World War and some of the poetry of Joyce Kilmer, and Rupert Brooke; and then probably the loveliest poem that came out of the Second World War was the poem "High Flight."

While we cannot designate the present conflict as World War III, inasmuch as there has been no official declaration of war to bring it into reality under that heading, already out of the tragedy there have been written several things that are descriptive of what so many of us feel. The following is one of the most beautiful expressions that I have yet read, written by a man under arms, in connection with any war.

It is an essay written by L. C. Hall of Pensacola, Florida, a World War II veteran, who was hospitalized in Memphis. It represents his thought as he read the obituary of a young Memphis soldier who died, despite the skill of modern science to heal. It is called "Plea for a Late Arrival." Written in 1950 at the Hospitalized Veterans' Project on Michigan Avenue. Here it is:

"Dear God:

"You have a new angel tonight. You must have noticed him as he came running through the gates. He left his wheel chair with us. He took deep breaths of Heaven's pure air, wonderingly glad that there was no pain.

"Please be gentle with him for he is very young and hasn't had much time. The bugle told him to put away his bat and glove. There was a thing called basic training. He marched and drilled with a heavy pack upon his back. There was something called a war, but you didn't know about that. Then he came home again. We did the best we could, but now you will do for him what we couldn't do.

"Please explain to him why things had to happen the way they did. When he asked us we didn't know what to say. Let him dance all through Heaven's flowery plains. Give him a partner; a girl with soft, wavy hair. Let the angel choir sing something hot and something sweet. Later he can learn the stately hymns of praise; and please give him wings, but not white wings. He has seen too much of white: white caps, white uniforms, white masks and gowns and white operating tables—and finally they covered his face with a white sheet. Please, God, not white wings. Give him rose colored wings; wings tinted like a hopeful dawn. Let him sweep and dip in tight turnings and power dives under your blue sky. Please be patient for he's so very young. Let him play awhile. Thank you, God, for listening."

PEOPLES CHURCH

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

A Raymond Landmark Benefit

The Uptown Players are presenting J. Bradley-Griffin in a Concert Recital of the popular musical, "Carousel." He will be supported by Mary Clarke and Connie Stephens, with John Madsen at the piano.

This concert recital is being given as a Benefit for Mr. Raymond Landmark, one of the friends of The Players, who has just been through an amputation and is in need of extra financial help. It will be given on Sunday, Feb. 11th, at 4:00 p.m. in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church. Minimum Donation, $1.00.

February Drama Tea

The February Drama Tea will be held on Sunday, February 4th, at 4:00 o'clock in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church.

The players will present "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," a comedy in two acts, by Eulora M. Jennings, under the direction of Elsie Dynes. Guest Artists will be Helen Rodgers, soprano and J. Bradley-Griffin. Admission 90c.

Auditions

The regular monthly auditions of The Uptown Players will be held on Sunday afternoon, February 18th, at 3:00 o'clock. Anyone interested in any phase of the theatre, radio or television, costuming, designing, make-up, directing, is welcome for audition. Auditions at the Studios, 869 N. Dearborn St. MIchigan 2-3105.

"The Philadelphia Story"

The February production of The Players, to be given at the Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St., on Feb. 24th, 8:30, and a Sunday, Feb. 25th, matinee at 3:00, will be "The Philadelphia Story," a three-act comedy by Philip Barry. In this play The Players will again present their popular member, Betty Carter, in the leading role, as Tracy Lord. There are fifteen players in the cast, directed by J. Bradley-Griffin. Design and lighting is by Howard Cox. Production under supervision of Connie Stephens.

* * *

THE USHERS' CLUB

Tuesday, February 20th, The Ushers' Club will present the Studebaker Male Chorus, of South Bend, Indiana, in a Concert in the Auditorium of The People's Church. This splendid chorus of fifty male voices guarantees an unforgettable evening of music.

Dr. Bradley will be guest speaker.

The Ushers' club usually give one very excellent program every year, which is well deserving of support from the entire church membership. The Ushers give constant and faithful service Sundays and Wednesdays throughout the church year, without remuneration, and this is one way the membership can show appreciation in return.

Keep the date in mind and invite your friends. Admission 50c.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Both of the Women's Clubs seem to be Movie-minded for February. The Business Women will present Movies on the lively and comic sides of life at their meeting of the thirteenth, when three motion pictures will be shown: Charlie Chaplin in "The Rink;" "The Gay 90's Live Again;" and a cartoon entitled "The Woodpecker." There is something novel about enjoying movies

in the intimacy of your own club, rather than in a large theatre, filled with people, where one may yet feel the "isolation" of a crowd. The meeting of the 27th will be strictly a business meeting. These meetings are interesting to friends as well as members who have the club's welfare and success at heart.

* * *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The month of February promises to be an interesting one for the members of the Woman's Club and their friends, with events which are of an especially social nature. The meeting on the fifth of the month will be Reciprocity Day, when other clubs of the Federation are guests.

On that day Mrs. George Matula will present her movie of Hawaii. The guest artist will be Rey Blanco, "The Traveling Troubadour" of radio station WIND.

The Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members takes place on the nineteenth. This affair is always an especially happy occasion, when the tables are usually arranged to represent the four seasons and guests are seated according to the time of year when they were born.

Just what will happen this year has not been announced, other than that there will be a surprise program.

The members will miss the presence of Mrs. Bradley on this occasion for the Birthday Party was one of her special pleasures.

BOOK CHATS

DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH has written a very small but very great book on THE DIGNITY OF MAN. I think it is well for those of us who do not know the cleavage that now exists among the philosophers and theologians of the modern world about the nature of man and the dignity of man to recognize that there are two distinct schools of thought about it. And I am going to outline as best I can and as clearly and comprehensively as I can just what these schools represent. I assure you that it is not easy because we have to think about it against some powerful traditions in theology.

There is a school of modern theologians of whom the most out-spoken and distinguished mind in the school is Prof. Emil Bruner, of Switzerland. He has been to this country several times and spoken at many of our universities, and I have heard him twice. His theological concept of the nature of man grows out of his familiarity with one of the greatest theologians of all times, Kirkegaard of Denmark. Dr. Kirkegaard of Denmark (those of you who heard Llewellyn Jones here a few Wednesdays ago will recall that he spoke of Dr. Kirkegaard's "Christian existentialism," which is almost a paradoxical term) in Christian existentialism has developed a neo-orthodoxy, that is, a concept of man which has its origin in what we might think of as the traditional, orthodox, theological attitude—that man by nature is a crawling worm of the dust; that he is vile; that he is evil by nature; that he is an animal.

He believes the nature of man is according to the theory of "tooth and

claw"—take what you want if you have to crush and kill and hurt and torture to get it, but get it! And that man was conceived in sin. Some of these theological phrases are responsible for much of the thinking, theologically, that man was conceived in iniquity—"and in sin did my mother conceive me"; that he reiterates all of the viciousness and vileness of nature; and that the only way out for man is through the conventional orthodox pattern or plan of salvation; that God, when he created man, did such a bungling job of it and was betrayed by his confidence in man so that the only way He could bring him back to conciliation with Himself was to produce the most beautiful objective of His own love in the symbolism of His son, sent to earth, sinless and pure, who would assume all the sins of man, and the vile nature by which man is endowed at birth, should have the shameful experience of horrifying death on the cross—and that man's only redemption was to be found in the experience when God attempts to take man back into His own nature by the sacrificial blood of Christ.

Now that is the general pattern which has influenced theological thinking until we come to those heroically molded minds of the 17th and 18th centuries. The early Ecclesiastics of Christianity accept the interpretation which I have just given, and the explanation of what is called the plan of man's salvation. Then there came along after the Rennaissance and the Reformation a widening in the areas of man's knowledge, and as the area of his knowledge increased, his lack of confidence in the perfection of the plan was increased. And we have the beginning of those great minds not only in science but in philosophy and in theology as well that found their expression in the great liberal movements of theology. In much later years they were influenced by and finally found expression in what was called the New Theology Movement of Great Britain. That movement was led by the distinguished Dr. R. J. Campbell, who stood in the City Temple at London, a man, by the way, who went back into the established church of Britain, the Anglican Church, and is now a Dean at one of the great cathedrals of Great Britain.

The other representative that distinguished himself in the British world at this particular time was a man who has stood here in this pulpit. He preached for me once when he was on one of his American visits. He was the minister of Union Chapel in Brighton there by the sea, on the coast, Dr. T. R. Williams. Dr. Williams, a Welshman, in contradistinction to Dr. Campbell, never turned his back upon the liberal interpretation of theology. Dr. Campbell went back into the established church but Dr. Williams, who died a year or two ago in Wales, his beloved homeland, went on with the spiritualizing of all the symbols and the somewhat materialistic emphasis of the plan, and became one of the great spiritual souls of his generation.

Now in the United States during that period we find personalities represented in the great Joseph Parker, and Joseph Parker, who stood in the City of Boston for those long long years, gave those great lectures every week in the City of Boston that were attended by thousands of people who listened to his interpretation of the spiritual truth of man's nature. Dr. Parker of course was one of the most distinguished Christians in the great field of social reform as well as one of the greatest advocates of freedom against slavery we had in the North.

Probably the finest mind, from the point of view of those of you who at-

tend these book lectures would be the mind of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose benign countenance we have with us always in this church. Ralph Waldo Emerson was one who gave an interpretation to the nature of man and the truth and beauty of religion as I think no other mind in history has ever done or ever conceived, and his essays today are the epitome of the most sublimated form and rarified expression of the comprehension of spiritual truth. Mr. Emerson was so emancipated from the tyrannies of orthodoxy and the theology of the centuries that he even left the Unitarian Church, the free church. He was minister of the Second Church in Boston where I am going to preach the last week in April. He was the minister of this great church and yet he left that pulpit because he couldn't bring himself into conformity with even the organizational activities of the free and wholly emancipated church! Emerson's mind was one of the great minds of the ages and if there is a single person here tonight at the lectureship that doesn't know the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson, I beg of you to read them, particularly against the background of this modern age, this hectic, confused, tumultuous, tortured age in which we are living. They are very easy to read and very simple and beautiful in their simplicity and in their comprehension of eternal realities. You see, the great spiritual minds are always universal minds. They are never dated. You cannot classify them as belonging to one era or one race or one period of history. The great minds are always universal minds—Socrates, Homer, Shakespeare; the great philosophers—Plato, Aristotle, Christ, Lincoln, Emerson, Tagore, Tolstoy — I could go on and name probably fifty universalists. They are universalists. Their minds cannot be put into a little regional mold. Shakespeare was not a possession of Great Britain. Jesus was not the property of the Jew. Gandhi was not mortgaged by India. Dr. Schweitzer is not limited to Germany. The trouble with our whole age today; the trouble with our diplomacy; the trouble with our leadership is its apparent inability to sense the universality of values. Truth is universal, and if it isn't universal, it isn't truth. If what we believe cannot be comprehended as universal, it is defective. A thing is either true or it isn't. There is nothing greater than truth, and truth is not concerned with and it isn't contained by any locative or provincial qualifying adjectives. There is no such thing as Roman Catholic algebra and Presbyterian trigonometry. There is no such thing as Republican hydrogen and Democratic oxygen. Facts do not know these limitations. Truth is truth. Chemistry is chemistry. Mathematics is mathematics. Law is law. And when we put our little petty circumscribed limitations, our prejudices and our own wills to working on what we would like to have truth be, that is when all the trouble begins in the world, for when men, nations, churches, philosophers, or anybody else gets an idea that their particular brand of truth is the whole truth and all the truth there is and if you don't accept their particular brand of truth, then you are outside truth, there is where you get totalitarianism, dictatorship and tyranny, demagoguery and trouble. You can analyze the troubles of this world right down to that simple basis.

Now then, in this country, following in the wake of the great thinking of Emerson in his interpretation of the nature of man, we find the great minds and the great philosophers, and the great writers, and the great humanitarians, and those who believe in the dignity of man. Now the cleavage has

started over again and we find men like Reinhold Nibur, a Professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York, one of the most famous apostles of neo-orthodoxy, re-iterating the old theological concept that man is by nature a beast and that man is by nature created in order to meet the situations of some god who is demanding the transformation in human nature in order for himself to be glorified.

When I was a little boy in Sunday School (it was a Presbyterian Sunday School) I had to learn the catechism, and the first question was, "What is the chief end of man?" And I had to learn "man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." That was the first question I was taught in theology—that man's chief end was to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

The school represented by Reinhold Nibur, represented by Dr. Emil Bruner has completely absorbed the Christian-existentialism of Kirkegaard. And Kirkegaard left more than twenty-eight volumes on the development of the thesis! And only a very small fraction of those volumes has been translated into English.

Now, Dr. Hough believes in the dignity of man, together with many of the great preachers. And he felt that man was not born a worm and a viper and something to be shunned, a venomous poisonous thing, necessitating the sacrifice of earth's loveliest and purest personality, the personality of Christ, and that the only possibility of escape from his own vileness and his own filth was by having it washed away by another Man's blood and in that process he would receive and establish for himself a new relationship with the eternal. Now remember that all this theological concept which I think can be demonstrated a fallacy was non-existent at the time of Christ. There wasn't a bit of it in Christianity as it was originally promulgated by those who knew and followed and loved and served the Master. All this is the theological accumulation which has grown through the centuries and almost every era and epoch of human history has authored certain additions to this concept of the nature of man.

And now along comes Dr. Lynn Harold Hough saying what that neo-orthodoxy is doing to the minds of people at a very hour when those minds are so befuddled and bewildered by their own personal problems that they must experience against the background of an international problem and social problem and national problem, the intimate problems of their own lives; and then associated with all these problems, a sense of their own vileness and their own filth, until one of the greatest ideas is being smothered by all this contemporary attitude and activity. So Dr. Hough comes on the scene with his little book and he calls it THE DIGNITY OF MAN and he provides us the clarion call to re-organize our concept of values as to what constitutes the true nature of man. And in such an hour as we are all in, I don't think there is any more important problem because if man loses a sense of his own dignity and of his own importance and of his own value, he easily becomes a pagan, a murderer, the victim of tyrants and dictators with their vicious ideologies which devour and drive millions into madness; that drove millions of Nazis into a frenzy; and the Italians; now the Russians; now the Chinese; and all this would have been impossible if fundamentally and basically they had been indoctrinated with the concept of their own dignity and their own importance as individuals; and that man was the center of the universe and not the universe the center of man; that there was not an extra-curricular god of his somewhere in the

sky that turned man loose with a free will in a cosmos and then indoctrinated him with his own unworthiness and his own stupidity and his own inadequacies to such an extent that God had to shake the eternities in order to pave the way for man to get out.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, if you were to go on into an analysis of the result of man's re-organizing his own concept of his own dignity, you would find that there would be no barrier whatever to man's relating that dignity to the sovereignty and to the reality of God. It does not make a lesser concept of God. It makes a larger concept. The more man himself feels that he is a dignified part of the whole cosmic demonstration, the finer and the more affirmative will be his concept of the eternal imperative which is behind the cosmos. He becomes a part of it. I believe that as much as I believe anything. I think every human heart beating in this church tonight beats under the rhythm of the heart of the eternal. I believe that there is an infinitesimal, microscopic perhaps, little bit of the eternal in every personality, and I think that that little microscopic part of the personality is the most important part of it. And when that is sensitized and can be expressive in the life, you develop a sense of values about your fellow-men, about nature, about art, about music, about mankind, and are utterly incapable of cruelty and murder and disaster. The more elongated man's inner personality in his concept of the dignity of that personality, the more of a creative, constructive and affirmative personality he becomes and it is affirmation of this truth that reacts creatively in the development of your own personality.

I think that the teaching of the doctrine of the vile and contemptuous nature of man has been a tragedy and has done more to lower the values and concepts of man than any other thing. I think it is disastrous. I think we are paying for it and I think we will see evidences in every area of life of the tragedy that has come because man did not claim his heritage; and if we want to look at it from the larger point of view and the theological position, read the First Book of the Bible, and read the first opening sentences and what is one of the most important utterances in the Book. With Kirkegaard and Nibur and Emil Bruner and the rest of these neo-orthodox people teaching this old traditional concept of the nature of man, and having such a tremendous influence upon the student life in the theological seminaries today, I don't know what kind of leadership we can expect in the next twenty years from the American pulpit.

What is that sentence? "God created man in his own image." I believe that. I believe every word of it. The nature of man is God-created, and God created man in His own image. Man's start was perfect. He was the image and the likeness of God, and when man, through his own selfishness and his own greed and his own avarice acquired largely through social environments and indulgence in his own passions and appetites and responses to those lesser values, dulled that image, he did not break it, but he dulled it, so that man's spiritual perception could not see the beauty of his own constancy, and so he drifted through centuries; and when this diabolical theory of being born in iniquity and sin was foisted upon him—they don't like to admit this but I have had more than one of them in a corner on it—it's an escape! It's a very pleasant thing to feel that an innocent person can wash away my sins. It's a very comfortable feeling. It's psychologically good and sound. But the truth is the spiritual perception was dulled and dimmed because

man could not keep abreast of his own fundamental nature.

Dr. Hough devotes one brilliant chapter in this book to one of the most familiar stories in the New Testament and I am going to give you the interpretation of that story. I have read the New Testament all my life. I have read the story of the prodigal son. I think it is one of the most dramatic bits of reading, one of the most vital portrayals of human experience to be found anywhere. I don't need to repeat it. You are all familiar with it; but until I came to this little chapter in this little book on THE DIGNITY OF MAN, I never knew what the story of the prodigal son was. I couldn't put my finger on the key that unlocked the great resourcefulness and significance of it.

You know the story. The son ran away, dissipated his life. He became a resident of "Swineland" and had experience with the swine and with the swinish characters and activities, with the husks and all these associations. And in the romance and tragedy of that pitiful story and beautiful parable, one sentence is the key. Not that he ran home. Not that he went to his father's arms. I always had a great deal of sympathy with the son that stayed home in that parable. It always seemed to me that they were penalizing the decent one. He stayed home. But the fatted calf was killed for the one that broke his father's heart and that sometimes happens. It is very true to nature and to man. But that isn't the story. The story is centered in that prodigal son's recognition that everything he was doing, the kind of thing he was projecting in his life was not his and didn't belong to him, and so the writer shows in that great sentence the entire answer: "HE CAME UNTO HIMSELF." There is the key to the whole business. He recognized the dignity of his own nature. He came to himself. When people come to themselves, things happen. Things change. And when that son recognized "I don't belong in this pig pen. I don't belong among these swine. I don't belong groveling in this filth and this dirt and this stench. This isn't mine. It doesn't belong to me"—and it doesn't. It is not yours at all. It is not mine. We are by nature sons and daughters of the Most High and when you forget that and you get to all the gutter experiences of your life, the thing that will snap you into reformation and change is when you come to yourself. You can't do a thing with a person who is enjoying the experiences of sin, having a good time. Everything is wonderful no matter how vile the friends might be; no matter how bitter the experience; no matter what is happening. You can't do a thing with him as long as he feels he is entitled to it and he delights in doing it. You can't teach him. A person in that experience has to learn the answer himself. That is the secret of Alcoholics Anonymous, and the reason they are getting such great results and doing such great work in the rehabilitation of the people who are tragically sick from alcoholism. They never enter a situation, they never attempt to do anything with a drunkard until the drunkard first comes to himself and admits that he is whipped. So don't expect Alcoholics Anonymous to do anything with your drinking husbands and drinking friends as long as they are enjoying the experience and saying "I'm all right. You don't need to bother about me." You can't do anything about it. It's as true to nature as anything in the world. You can't do a thing with a person until he comes to himself; but when he looks you in the eye and says "I'm whipped! I want to get clear of it. I want to get

out of it." He then becomes like the prodigal son. He will run to his father.

Now basically, what is that in human nature? That is dignity. That is the dignity of man. That is his radiant character that he is born with; that he is given by the Creative Intelligence and the Master Imperative of the whole cosmic sphere; that is the eternal within him that can confront the fatalistic idea that man is only demonstrating his bestiality. So Dr. Hough comes out with this little book and says to the students and the men and women of America "Why don't you claim your heritage? You have been told long enough that you are impotent and vile. Know the truth. You are made in the likeness of God. You are the image of something divine and eternal and everlasting. Claim your heritage!" When that strikes the consciousness of an individual's life — it doesn't require any miracle and it doesn't need any mysticism. When you know and feel and experience the nature of your own dignity, the nature of your own inner personality, your relatedness to the divine man, you will get a different comprehension of your dignity and you are not going to imperil that dignity by war and hate! Like the prodigal son, when man reaches that moment and recognizes that these things do not belong to him—these husks and these swine—man will come unto himself; and when a person does that, everything else is solved—everything!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

EVER since the 30th of October, every day on Dr. Bradley's morning broadcast over WIND, it has been the sponsor's idea that a citation award should be given to some agency doing public good. As I have heard these citations, morning after morning, sixty-five of them through January, it has been brought home to me very forcibly that there are a lot of people in the world who are trying to do good and to be helpful.

At a time when the bad influences are being held up to our gaze and sounded in our ears, it is good to be reminded that the other side really overbalances; these good influences have been going on, many of them, for several decades.

We often discount the good that churches do, but here are groups not connected with any church or creed or belief, except to do good—organizations not of belief, but of action.

Outside of the larger, better known national groups, there are such groups as the Off-The-Street-Club, on Jackson Blvd., with its educational and recreational program and its offer of cultural advantages which will help develop leadership and character in children who, through no choice of their own, must live in Chicago's most deteriorated and crime-breeding area; where boys may have physical exercise, sports and games, as well as develop their natural talents and abilities. There is the Chicago Boys Club with

its many branches. There is the Junior Achievement Organization, which helps boys to understand business organization before they are out of high school, often sponsoring them in starting small businesses of their own. There is the John Howard Association, which helps men on their way who have paid their debt through incarceration, and now are on the world again and need desperately to be helped to a right start to build a new life.

If you were a new immigrant to this country, you might be very grateful for the unselfish help of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, as you entered this strange land. There is an Illinois Training Center for the blind, a Project for Hospitalized Veterans to find an outlet for their writing abilities, a Children's Theatre Foundation; the volunteer workers who are called Gray Ladies of the American Red Cross, and many, many more.

I heard an unusually fine talk recently on Alcoholics Anonymous by one who spoke of a lawyer who had aided a friend of hers needing help for alcoholism. If you called him up asking for his services as a lawyer he might tell you he was too busy to attend to the matter right then; but if you asked for help for an alcoholic, his answer would be "Come right over; I'll see you at once."

There's a Christopher Society, started by Father James Keller, whose members unselfishly serve others at every opportunity of every day.

Then too, have you noticed how books, magazines and pamphlets that aim to be helpful just flood the market these days: those little "Guidepost" magazets, with short articles by well-known people, like Elaine St. Johns, Fulton Oursler, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and others. One cannot help but feel grateful for all the good thoughts of humanity as this trail of the finest instincts opens out before one's gaze:—helpfulness, kindness, a lifting hand, a spirit of brotherly love amidst the shot and shell of hate now shaking the world.

In the January Guideposts, Margaret J. Cashel of the American National Red Cross tells of discovering that there are Gray Gentlemen as well as Gray Ladies. William M. Morgan, who had been through a long period of hospitalization himself, felt that he knew the needs of patients confined to hospitals. When he was rejected for military service, he gravitated to Red Cross Volunteer Work in the Naval Hospital. He was a sprightly Park Avenue socialite, 70 years old and for some years retired from work. He now is at the New York Multiple Sclerosis Clinic of the Veterans Administration. Many other men are mentioned as being Red Cross Gray Gentlemen.

In that same issue of Guideposts Dr. Norman Vincent Peale tells of talking with a little old lady about Jenny Lind, brought to this country by P. T. Barnum of circus fame. She died in 1887 and to people of this generation is a legendary figure known as "the Swedish nightingale." Dr. Peale said to the little old lady, "Jenny Lind must have been a beauty." "No," said the little old lady, "she was a very plain girl. Before going onto the platform she would stand perfectly still in her dressing-room, close her eyes and sing a few notes. Then she would say, 'Lord, help me to sing true tonight. Help the people to lose the image of Jenny Lind and see only Thee!' Then rather diffidently she would appear, not too attractively dressed, and stand quietly with her eyes closed. Before starting to sing she would look over to the other side of the platform, nod her head, as if she had heard Him say to her, 'Go ahead, Jenny. You and I are singing together.' Suddenly,"

the old lady continued, "a transformation took place before our eyes, for Jenny Lind became radiant. She sang with such beauty of tone that all who ever heard her were cast under her spell."

What a marvelous thought for a shy person. Jenny Lind had an idea she wished to give out. It was purity of tone and the beauty of music. She wanted the personality, Jenny Lind, to keep out of the way and let the idea shine through. So we, if we are in love with an idea, perhaps of service to others, a gift of love, can forget ourselves, and let the gift shine through. That will help many a shy person to find joy in life through forgetting themselves in a fine service to others.

* * *

Many of our readers will remember the letter Dr. Bradley read from the pulpit during his "Do We Mean What We Say?" series, in which Mr. Bert W. Fultz, the shoe salesman, had suggestions of "pet phrases." Here is another interesting letter from Mr. Fultz:

"Dr. Bradley: The following data is a true story of what happened to me in the last few days. As you know, my means of livelihood is the selling of shoes. For the past week I have never experienced such a lack of customers. Monday I worked until noon without a sale. I was really in a terrible state of mental desperation. As I walked along the street, I remembered what you said in your sermon last Sunday about putting the matter into God's hands.

"I just stood still and said, 'Lord, it looks like I am beaten, so I surrender and place my trouble in your hands.' Dr. Bradley, within the next four hours I sold twelve orders, and on Tuesday I had sixteen sales.

"I am seventy years of age, and if I should live another seventy years, I shall always believe that God is not only a just God, but that He will always help in time of need; and He is also an excellent shoe salesman. If this letter is of any value you are at liberty to use it, *for it is the truth.*

Yours thankfully,

Bert M. Fultz."

* * *

Says our friend, the Duke of Paducah:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: You managed to get me in a mess! After you suggested we tell our friends about your program, I started phoning here in Rockford; and in each instance they were listening to you and 'bawled me out' for interrupting. *So you see?* However, I can give you something definite about Durand (my old home town), with a population of 590. In fact, I suggest my Village of Durand as meriting one of your citations, since most of the radios, at least 90%, tune in WIND each morning at 10:45. How do I know? 47% of them are my relations!

Regards,

The Duke."

* * *

It can be readily understood how much Dr. Bradley appreciated the following letter which came from the Recruit Training Command, U. S. Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois.

"Dear Reverend Bradley: After playing my second out of six services today, I returned to the office, where I tuned in the radio to get some good music—your choir was singing. I kept listening, your sermon sounded so good, and I called in one of the Chaplains, who listened with me to the entire service.

"I hope to be able to speak to you in person this evening, but in case I can-

not be at your service, I write this letter.

"Your church is most fortunate to have so fine a minister. I know many people left your church this morning better people.

"I thank you for the message you gave. You did much for me, and I know you did for many others.

Very sincerely,

Wm. D. Kaltrider, S.A.,
Chaplain's Office Bldg. No. 130,
Great Lakes, Ill."

The following letter was intended for the January Mail Bag as in it Mrs. Thomas, a member of the Friends of Literature of Chicago, told of enjoying Christmas in Hot Springs, away from the frenzy of buying, and of her delight in seeing the Christmas pageant on the hillside. Then she adds:

"What I started to tell you was that on Sunday I went to the Central Baptist Church in Hot Springs for services and that is a Southern Baptist Church, but imagine my delight to read in their Sunday bulletin a quotation from you. These preachers in the South whom I have heard do not use notes and they preach with power and vigor.

"Some Baptist Churches have come a long ways. This Southern Baptist Church had a large picture of the River Jordan, so I know their immersion is quite different from the time when I was baptized in Macoupin Creek near Carlinville, Ill. Afterwards I dressed in a surrey, with the side curtain put on the sides, and a lap robe (or was it a lap duster) pinned up in front of the surrey. That Baptist Church (a Northern Baptist Church) at Carlinville has made strides, for it is now the Federated Church of Carlinville, for the First Baptist Church and the Presbyterian Church united. The Presbyterians had the best singers and the Baptists owned the best Church edifice, so the two congregations united; and in a small town that is an enlightened step.

"A woman near Winslow, Ark., asked me where she could get you on the radio.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Roscoe B. Thomas."

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

December

1—Radio Address. WIND

3—Two Services. Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM

4—Radio Address. WIND

5—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Ill. Institute of Technology

6—Radio Address. WIND
Radio Conference
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

7—Radio Address. WIND
Dinner with Dr. Arni and Mrs. Helgason and the Bishop of Iceland, the Most Rev. Sigurgeir Sigurdsson

8—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Woman's Guild. Sauganash Community Church
Address. P.T.A. Elm School, Elmwood Park, Ills.
Address. Samuel Gompers Memorial Dinner for Roosevelt College Grand Ballroom, Palmer House

10—Two Services. Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM

11—Radio Address. WIND
Television. WGN-TV

12—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Windsor Park Woman's Club. Windsor Pk. Lutheran Church
13—Radio Address. WIND
Book Review. Peoples Church
Address. 80th Birthday Dinner Hon. Carl Chindblum. Swedish Club
14—Radio Address. WIND
15—Radio Address. WIND
17—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Candle Light Serv. Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM
18—Radio Address. WIND
Candle Light Serv. Peoples Church
Television. WGN-TV
19—Radio Address. WIND
Address Greater Chicago Lodge, Order of Moose (Given Citation and made Life Member)
20—Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
21—Radio Address. WIND
22—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Annual Christmas Party. Church School
24—11 a.m. Service Peoples Church
7 p.m. Service Peoples Church
11 p.m. Service Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM
25—Radio Address. WIND
26—Radio Address. WIND (El. Tr.)
27—(Missed Broadcast first time in 27 years because train was 4½ hours late due to snowstorm)
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
28—Radio Address. WIND
29—Radio Address. WIND
30—Address. Memorial Service Iroquois Theatre Fire Memorial Chicago Public Library
31—11 a.m. Service Peoples Church
7 p.m. Service Peoples Church
11 p.m. Service Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM

Funerals

2—James A. Denk
Mrs. Fred Huett
3—Ella Tindall
9—Elsie D. Willard
12—Georgia L. Adams
Dr. Andrew M. Clemens
15—Mabel Earl Nafe
16—Sidney G. Martin
18—Joseph Mikulecky
19—Emma D. Harder
Henry Walter Rose
22—Theodore Marcoe
Emil R. Richter
24—Mrs. Helena Seibel
Mrs. Miriam Drechsler
25—Frank Angel
26—Rev. Milma Lappala Erkkila
27—Howard B. Henning
29—Wyllys W. Hagen
30—Mrs. Mildred Oestericher

Weddings

2—Virginia L. Sieple and Ross L. Droegmyer
6—Beatrice Glos and Lawrence B. Holland
9—Kathryn G. Bodine and John Calahan
11—Frances L. Morley and Dudley T. Breese
15—Katheryn Collins and Arthur Kantack
16—Sophia E. Markowitz and Benjamin R. Martinez
Frederick Wm. Krackow and Catherine Hill
Betty Lou Sabatka and William R. Hauner
19—Rosalind Burtchby and Stanley Fischer
22—M. H. Baumann and Edith M. Lackey
Charlotte Kurata and Howard Meyers

23—Eunice McGraw and
Wm. R. Balfanz
Erwin J. Schreiber and
Mildred M. Piske

28—Nancy Rennie and
Allen P. James
29—Mary Carol Johnson and
Robert L. Shepard

Christenings

3—Linda Marie Singletary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Singletary
Joyce Ann Smith, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Archer Smith

10—Raymond Valentine Kramer, son of Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Kramer
17—William Edward Scheets, son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Scheets

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into The Peoples Church Sunday, November 5, 1950

Miss Lorraine A. Bottlemy
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Buckley
Mrs. Clarice Clough
Mr. Ralph Dowling
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Erickson
Mr. Noel Dudley Gregg
Mrs. June Warren Helgason, from
1st Congr. Church, Decatur
Mrs. Emma E. Hahne
Mrs. Alice L. Johnson
Miss Phyllis Johnson
Mrs. Charlotte Johnson
Mrs. George F. Kauffman
Miss Andrene Kauffman
Mr. Michael Krauvice
Miss Charlotte Laadt
Miss Dorothea Laadt
Mrs. Lisbeth Ludwig
Miss Margaret M. Maahs
Mrs. B. McClarence
Miss Joan McClarence
Mrs. L. C. Mogg
Mrs. George J. Nikolas
Miss Mary Lou Paschal
Mr. Malcolm Rippeteau, from
Methodist Church, Play Centre, Nebr.
Mrs. Malcolm Rippeteau, from
Christian Church, Play Centre, Nebr.
Mrs. L. Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. Mark A. Shephard
Glen Ellyn, Ill.
Miss Patricia Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Stone
Miss Barbara Weisman
Mr. and Mrs. Les Meyers
Argos, Indiana
Miss Florence Campbell
Mrs. John Ludiger
Wilmette, Ill.

and on Sunday, January 7, 1951

Mrs. Evelyn Benson
Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Cherye
Mrs. Augusta Christman
Mrs. Laura Cichorz
Mrs. Florence B. Crawford
Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Goldman
From Unitarian Church of Evanston
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Helezer
Mr. George Herman
Miss Lavina Marie Ing
Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Kendall
Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Lenzing
Mrs. Carl Marinello
Mr. R. A. Marmaduke
Mrs. Louis C. Moss
Mrs. Mary Noyes, Oak Park
Mr. and Mrs. D. Paul Parker
From Austin Methodist Church
Mr. Conrad A. Schwartz
Mrs. Fanette Jackson Stone
From 1st Meth. Church, Gilbert, La.
Miss Ann Thorn

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